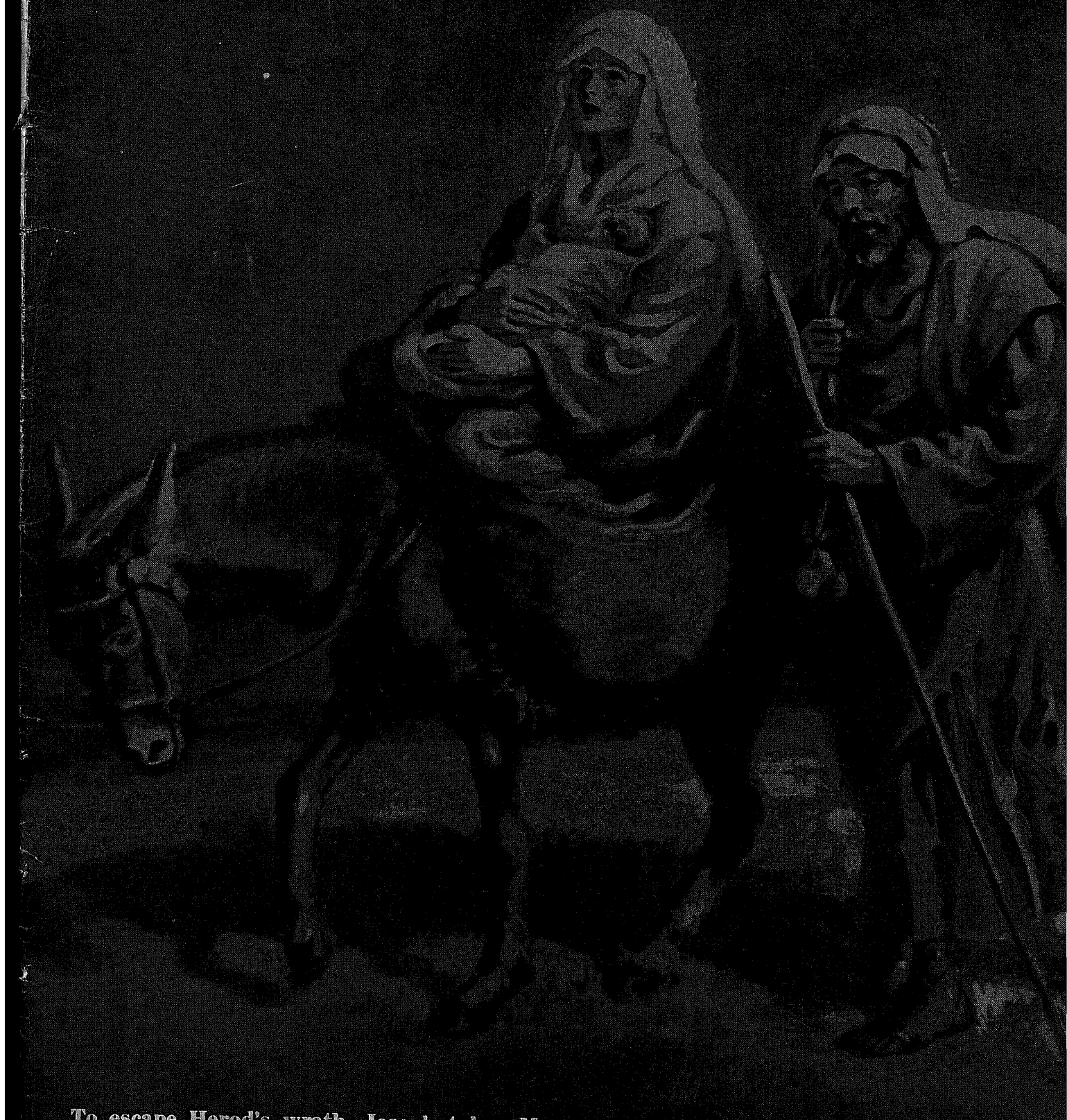


The CHRISTMAS
WAIR
CIRY
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND BERMUDA



To escape Herod's wrath Joseph takes Mary and the infant Jesus to Egypt.

The Christmas War Cry

1952



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SOURCE OF WONDER



HI!
MERRY CHRISTMAS-
EVERYBODY!

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of

THE SALVATION ARMY

in Canada and Bermuda

538 JARVIS STREET, TORONTO

WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder ALBERT ORSBORN, General
WILLIAM R. DALZIEL, Commissioner

No. 3552 Dec. 20, 1952 Price 10c

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada and Bermuda
by The Salvation Army Printing House, 471 Jarvis Street,
Toronto 5, Canada.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry, including
special Easter and Christmas issues, will be mailed to any
address in Canada for \$5.00 prepaid.

"ON THIS WISE..."

A Christmas Message

By General Albert Orsborn



THE eighteenth verse of the first chapter of Matthew's Gospel in the Authorized Version of the English Bible has a very sharp and clear word about the birth of Jesus Christ. It says: "Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: . . ."

Then follows the wondrous story of Mary, and of Joseph, of the Angel of the Lord, and of the choice and conferment of the saving name—Jesus. Matthew, one-time customs house officer in the dominions of Herod Antipas, here becomes the herald of Jesus as the Messiah of the Jews. Factually and precisely, in the manner of one trained to accuracy, he points the sequence of events. He might have been on duty during the great census and taxation under Augustus; as one accustomed to the dealings of the lineal descendants of Levi, and all such as ask questions of and impose dues upon travellers.

I appreciate the exact precision, the luminous accuracy of Matthew's history. The birth was "on this wise . . ."—and not otherwise; just so, just as recorded. Gather around this glowing point in the history of our race. Let the Christmas season take you right back to the beginning, the very source of this eternal splendor. And when you see how it happened, receive with simplicity the glory and the mystery of it. We know of the lovely legends and the many imaginative embellishments with which adoring saints have overlaid and even obscured the Bethlehem story. We do not need such fancies: the facts alone make Heaven and earth to be filled with angels and with song.

I wonder which you find the more

interesting, births or deaths? Cradles or coffins? Beginnings or endings? Overtures or finales? The Wise Man once declared: "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof." It all depends on our times and temperaments whether or not we agree with him. Usually, I think, we write off his remark as embittered cynicism, but when life has hit us hard we begin to wonder. The same writer also remarked: "A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth." He evidently agreed with that Thracian tribe who at the birth of a child bewailed its entry on life's trials, and celebrated death as a joyful release! The happier part of life is not the entry but the exit. We cannot be sure of the play until the last act is over and the worst or best is known.

I suppose it is still true that there is a greater audience for the end of anyone or anything than for the beginning thereof. Despite the fact that birth is an incomparably greater event than death, the final act still fascinates us. Funerals draw greater crowds than christenings. King or commoner a man will have more of his fellows to attend his slow departure from life than he ever drew by any act of living, and certainly more than hailed his infancy. Only recently a London book critic wrote: "I think it deplorable that so many authors can make big incomes by glorifying death at the expense of life. Join me in fighting the literary death gang. Some of these writers make as much as \$9,000 a year out of the literature of despair." Non-Christian peoples especially emphasize the event of death and their great men are more likely to be venerated at their tomb than at their birthplace.

It is significant that the Christian faith makes consistent efforts to commemorate the birth of its notable men and women. It is also true, I think, that there are more pilgrimages to the birthplace of distinguished Christian characters than to the place of their entombment. Christianity is a fount of life, the faith of new beginnings. Whilst it is true that we worship the Crucified, and gaze in wonder and in love upon His Cross, not even that tremendous attraction dims the glory of Bethlehem. We are repelled by the factious and sectarian squabbles which have vitiated and smeared the Church of

the Nativity and the famous grotto. It offends us to think of police officers always on duty there to prevent rival claimants to Christian supremacy from coming to blows where the Prince of Peace was born. Latterly, I heard the radio announcer say: "Armored cars are patrolling the road to Bethlehem," and my heart began to wonder and to weep.

Nevertheless, the Babe of Bethlehem is stronger than His foes and His false friends. He continues to attract devout souls, who wonder and worship because He was born, and because it was "on this wise. . . ." that He came. Matthew is clearly concerned to emphasize that the birth of Jesus was not according to the normal processes of human propagation; that His mother, Mary, was a betrothed virgin when she was found to be with child; that her just and devout Joseph was both fearful and ashamed, until the Angel of the Lord reassured him and told him that the Coming One was conceived of the Holy Spirit. We are reminded of Isaiah's prophecy: "A virgin shall conceive and bear a Son and they shall call His name Emmanuel, for He shall save His people from their sins." The Salvationist believes that. He accepts it as a vital fact and doctrine of Christian faith.

December 25 is by common consent the day when Christians celebrate Christ's birth. That the date has been and still is in dispute does not worry us. The fact is that Christmas Day is not a mere birthday celebration. In the United States of America February 22 is a national holiday; it is George Washington's birthday. Very good! Most of us understand and approve that festival. But would Washington's most ardent admirer rank February 22 as equal in importance with December 25th? Not at all, and for the excellent reason that Christmas celebrates not merely a birth but the unique and incomparable fact of the Incarnation. We honor not a young Jew of exceptional genius, the greatest religious teacher the world has ever known, the finest character ever revealed. In Jesus we "hail the incarnate Deity," "God made manifest in the flesh." Believe that

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(Continued on page 22)





THE words of Charles Kingsley (quoted in the poem below) are recalled as we look out on the world today, and tell once again the story of Bethlehem. Let us thank God that, above the clamor of bitterness and strife, Christmas persists.

When the powers of evil have spent themselves, when the anti-Christ has long been buried, Bethlehem still will live. While paganism and unbridled ambition are destined to follow their historic track to death and decay, Bethlehem still represents the one survival value.

It was while the world was under the iron heel of Rome, and the

is the age of His rule.

While there are heights and depths and lengths and breadths vaster than time which baffle our comprehension and measurements, we can think of Christ in three ages: First the age of His earthly life and mission, from His birth to ascension; the crib, the cross and the crowning. That is the first age; about three and thirty years.

The second age began when He ascended. We are in that age now. When it will end no man knows. It will end when He comes again.

*By the Territorial Commander
C. R. Dalziel*

O blessed day, which giv'st the eternal lie
To self and sense and all the brute within;
O come to us, amid this war of life;
To hall and hovel come; to all who toil;
In senate, shop or study; and to those
Who, sundered by the wastes of half a world,
Ill-warned, and sorely tempted, ever face
Nature's brute powers, and men unmannered to brutes—
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem:
The kneeling shepherds, and the Babe Divine;
And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day.

throne of Caesar seemed supreme, that Paul wrote:

"To the Church of God at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord—for He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet."

That is even better than the hymn, "Jesus shall reign." Paul's vision was not that of Christ passively waiting for some crisis in the economy of God. His vision was of Christ actively reigning now. "For He must reign till" not "He must reign when He hath put all enemies under His feet."

Reigning now, till, as Paul says in the words immediately preceding these, "He shall have delivered the Kingdom to God, even the Father, when He shall have put down all rule and all authority and power."

Are we not in danger of missing this vision? We think of Christ ascended and waiting until He comes again, and then to reign. Let us make no mistake—He is reigning now. This

The third age begins then, and stretches out into the age of ages.

These three ages help us to understand the age in which we live today, and who knows but what this may be the midnight hour before the dawning of the age of ages. Christ was not reigning in those three and a half years of His public ministry. He will not be reigning in His mediatorial glory after His advent.

(Cont. on page 22)



THE COMMISSIONER

The War Cry

"JOY TO THE WORLD"

Was Assured When Jesus Came

IF recalling the past is like viewing a series of silent films, the various Christmas seasons are—to me—like technicolor films. Especially is this true as it refers to the earlier years of my life. Thinking back, the first eleven months of any year appear drab; the final month glitters with an indescribable radiance. Surely this is more than mere boyish enthusiasm for goodies, toys and gaudy decorations. Surely it must have something to do with the inner meaning of Christmas, "Joy to the world!"

I am convinced that the glitter, the excitement and the outpouring of generosity were, to my subconscious mind, understood as the mere outward expression of something far deeper and more significant—the release of pent-up joy at the realization of the birth of a Saviour.

We are inclined to sigh and shake our heads when we see signs of hilarity and merriment at Christmastime, thinking that it is folly in a world so heavy-laden with sorrow as ours is. And a few minutes' thought will bring into sharp relief the fears and worries that lay heavily on the nations.

But we have only to compare the world of today with that of Christ's time to see how much we have progressed toward light. Take two spheres—one black and the other white—and you have a fair idea of the difference between the world of A.D. 1 and A.D. 1952.

The vast bulk of the world was sunk in heathen darkness; there was not one missionary for all the millions of Africans or Indians, and, in sinister jungles, the fearful denizens simply grovelled in terror and

anguish—prey to superstition and disease. The so-called civilized nations were not, at their best, to be compared with the most backward country today.

No kindly Christian nurse or doctor tended the foul wounds of lepers. Such sick ones were driven out of towns and villages, and compelled to exist as best they could.

There were no spotless hospitals to which to take the sick; they would have to remain at home, to be given rough and ready remedies with little hope of recovery.

The aged were dependent on the kindness of their offspring: in some places, the custom was to put them "out of their misery."

The mentally afflicted were merely the objects of derision driven from pillar to post.

Here and there gleamed a spark of human kindness in a dark, cruel world. Orphanages for homeless children, asylums for the aged and the insane or the incurable were unknown. Old-age pensions were undreamed of; children's allowance chimerical; slavery was common, and a man or woman in bondage was as much the property of his master as was his horse or dog—to be kept alive or put to death at will.

Today, in spite of wars and rumors of war, of strikes, of poverty, there are millions of persons living in bright sanitary homes enjoying inventions that would have been thought incredible by the people of that day.

If our loved ones fall sick, the telephone brings a skilled doctor in quick order; if he is mentally ill, we know he will be given expert attention in an institution; if he is old, he gets a liberal pension. The streets are clean and well-lit; libraries provide a wealth of

reading; cars, buses, trains and planes provide quick, cheap transport.

Best of all, justice is enthroned. In those early days, a man of power and wealth did what he would. Today, wrongs are righted; the evil punished.

A hundred thousand churches and Salvation Army halls fling open their doors and invite whosoever will to enter and refresh themselves spiritually in warm, clean buildings. A multitude of clubs provide fellowship and give scope for samaritan-like enterprises.

It is a dark world; far be it from me to rob anyone of his pessimism; but it is a bright twilight compared with the Stygian gloom of A.D. 1.

Is it any wonder that, looking ahead and visualizing the immeasurable gift to the world His coming would prove, the angels burst into ecstatic song? Is it any wonder that the herald among them announced "tidings of Great Joy"? Is it any wonder that the shepherds returned "glorifying and praising God"? Is it any wonder that the wise men "rejoiced with exceeding great joy"? Is it any wonder that millions of persons are filled with joy at Christmas time? They may not fully grasp the reason for their abandonment to mirth, but deep down underneath there is—there must be—a dimly understood realization that the old, dark, pagan age has forever disappeared, and light has come to stay!—H.P.W.



WHILE IT WOULD NOT BE RIGHT to say that children were not joyful before the coming of Christ, conditions of those days were not conducive to permanent happiness. Today, many of the privileges and safeguards boys and girls enjoy are directly attributable to Christianity.





UNDER T

*Hundreds of
—Enjoy Christmas in
and*

the other two, in another Canadian city, but the same spirit prevails—the same willing service, displayed by the smiling women officers, the same lavishly-set board, the same hungry diners.

It would be a revelation to anyone not acquainted with Army activities to be whisked from place to place—by magic—and to get a bird's-eye view of the wide variety of Christian service carried out all over the Dominion. He would get glimpses of groups of uniformed Salvationists—men and women—playing and singing carols in the wards of hospitals, and distributing "sunshine bags" (a real Army invention, that) containing Christmas goodies; of Old Folks Homes being invaded, of crowds of weary men sitting down to a rare banquet, of patients in our own mothers' hospitals being serenaded by smiling nurses, of children being loved and cheered by a genial "father" and "mother," whose hearts long to make up to them for their robbed childhood, and a host of other activities, all of which must be done before the workers' own festive enjoyment can be thought of. But they don't mind; they have learned that true happiness only comes in service to others.

It is true that many of these needy brothers and sisters of ours are well feted during Christmas, but there is another class of person that is wellnigh forgotten; perhaps many otherwise benevolent folk think he needs to be forgotten. That is the law-breaker—the man or woman whose Yuletide is spent in the cheerless surroundings of a prison

THERE is none of the "Dotheboys School" atmosphere about Salvation Army Homes (we don't call them institutions). Look at the faces of the children in the picture above, the guests (not inmates) of a Western Canada Home. They reflect genuine happiness. To begin with, they are normal children. Meeting them on the street there is nothing to stamp them as orphans from an orphanage. Their clothes are—if not the best money can buy, at least colorful and warm, their food, wholesome and plentiful and their recreation is that of a large family living in a mansion—for former mansions are what many Army Homes are—sturdily built, comfortable double-storey dwellings, dating from the days when rates were low, materials cheap and the builder took enough time and interest in his work to do it well and to embellish it with many a quaint design. We have many of these homes—discarded by their former tenants because of death or rising costs of heating or maintenance—all over the world, and we have put them to wonderful use in housing homeless children or unfortunate men or women.

A Visit from Santa

Coming back to the children's Christmas party, pictured above, we guarantee their Christmas would rank with any home in Canada. There is a jovial air about the Yuletide season in all our Homes, enhanced by an official visit by the jolliest of Santa Clauses, often followed by a call from the Army's head (if the Home happens to be in a territorial centre) or by a divisional leader. These folk are usually accompanied by a band, thus the children have a privilege not even accorded to the wealthy—that of a select program by a group of skilful musicians in the flesh. As to presents—those displayed in the picture show that they are just the type of thing little ones like—dolls for the girls and "working toys" for the boys. And when it comes to food, here we can use the term "the very best"—and well

prepared too. Moreover, no Oliver Twist would be crushed for daring to ask for more. It would take a sizable ranch to house all the turkeys that go to furnish the feasts for Army Homes!

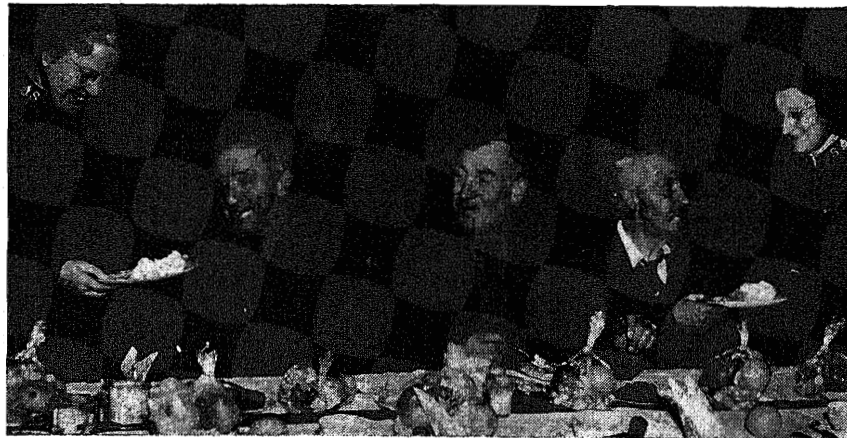
As for the future of these guests of ours—this article is only dealing with the Christmas season, and that subject would make a story in itself; suffice it to say that all round the world fine citizens—men and women—are proud to say they own no other home save that which is printed with a capital "H"—one run by "the Army". They turn out well in an amazing number of cases.

But Children's Homes are only a small part of the Army's social and redemptive work. There are Homes for the aged, hospitals for the sick, shelters for the homeless and industrial centres for the rehabilitation of those who want to climb back to respectability.

The Self-Same Spirit

Look at the set-up in the top right picture. What a contrast—one seen in any Army Home. The wan, discouraged look of the homeless wanderer at the left, the hearty, well-fed cook and smiling officer, looking on to see every guest gets a good share. And the heaped-up plate is evidence that the food is not stinted.

The photograph at the foot of the page was taken many miles from



THE ARMY ROOF

*Needy Folk—Young and Old
an Atmosphere of Sympathy
Understanding*

cell or yard; he or she whose liberty is curtailed; who is deprived of the joy of celebrating Christmas with loved ones or friends.

No One is Forgotten

Thank God, the Army does not forget them. In fact, they were among the Founder's first thoughts when he devised his great scheme of redeeming humanity. Apart from the daily ministrations of officers who are official chaplains of some of the Dominion's reformatories, Salvationists in all places where there is a jail of any size make it a point of bringing a little gleam of light and hope into the drab lives of "Her Majesty's Guests".

They are not preached at, and made to feel uncomfortable. On the contrary, they are treated with sympathy and understanding, given the joy of hearing the loved carols played or sung by converted musicians, and left with a colorful War Cry and a little bit of Christmas cheer in the form of "goodies". Many a man has learned the meaning of divine love in a penitentiary; has realized that true religion is not hypocrisy; that there are those who really try to translate into daily life the teachings of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Threefold Gifts

"Covet earnestly the best gifts."—
1 Cor. 12: 31.

THEY gave to the infant Jesus gold, frankincense, and myrrh; they offered the best they had—the best in brightness, the best in sweetness, and the best in bitterness. And the Christ gave back to the world His best of brightness, the golden beauty of the sinless years that breathed beneath the Syrian blue; His best in sweetness, the Gospel of eternal comfort, the message that speaks joy and hope to us; His best in bitterness, the agony and sorrow of His death for the children of men.

Shall we not, too, this Christmas season, give to Him the best of which we are capable? The best in service, the best in sunshine and the best in song.



Freed From Shackles

INDIANS ENJOY CHRISTMAS

BY BRIGADIER PIMM SMITH (R)

THIRTY-NINE years ago we spent our second Christmas in India. We were at that time engaged on Criminal Tribes' work among a class of people known as Dóms, who roamed about the District of Gorakhpur in the United Provinces. In order to impress the Dóms with one aspect of the blessedness of Christ's coming to earth it was arranged to give them a Christmas treat. Blankets were bought at a cheap rate from the woollen mills, cotton dhotis for the men and saris for the women, as well as gaily-colored toys for the children, and what was as acceptable as anything was a feast of curry and rice.

The Mists Dispelled

What a jolly time it was! A misty chilliness had hung about the early morning, but the warm blankets soon made the Dóms forget that, and the sombreness of the grey morning was quickly brightened up in the settlement compound by the glowing colors of the pieces of cloth distributed; and what Dóm could resist an inrush of pleasure at having a feast of good things, instead of the meagre fare to which he was accustomed?

So things were going on right merrily, when in upon the joy came the sinister sight of a group of Indian policemen with a couple of handcuffed and leg-beshackled Dóms.

This party had come from the nearby jail—the two Dóms had just finished a term of prison service and were now being transferred to the Army settlement. It did not take long to sign the papers and for the men to have their limbs freed from the shackles, and soon the erstwhile prisoners were rejoicing in their newly-gained freedom.

As they joined with their fellows in the feast and got their share of the Christmas gifts, their faces beamed with gladness, and when they heard the company in the compound sing "Raja, Raja aya; Hallelujah! aya," they looked and listened in wonder—"The King, the King has come; Hallelujah! has come." Ramdas, the more intelligent of the two men, wanted to know what it meant, but it was not easy to make him understand that the King of whom we sang was Jesus, whose birth we were that day celebrating.

The Christmas festivities over, the new men moved off with the crowd to the part of the settlement where their future home was to be, and there that night, when again they had listened to the song, "Raja, Raja aya; Hallelujah! aya," Ramdas yielded himself to the Christ who had come on the first Christmas Day that He might become the Saviour, even of a dark Dóm of India.



"Blessings Abound Where'er He

great friend of the little church at Philippi, and a friend of St. Paul himself. Another, Phoebe by name, was a deaconess, and in the Port of Corinth she seems to have worked amongst the sick as a district nurse. Priscilla, the learned matron, helped to teach and also did mission work.

At a later period we read of Elizabeth Fry, the prison reformer, and Florence Nightingale, "the Lady of the Lamp," noted organizer of a band of nurses during the Crimean War, who did great service in relieving the suffering of the soldiers. Then there was Madame Curie, the Polish woman, who, through her

MUSIC AND ART

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men'"

Luke 2:13, 14.

THE angel's burst of acclamation was one of the sweetest songs ever heard. As someone has said, "The Church has done two things with this lovely song—she has used it and added to it. It set the key for so much." The angel's song has "set the key" in a double sense, for it has become a key which has opened a door through which a mighty and influential torrent of sacred music has poured.

A Better Day Dawned for Women and Children

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden."

Luke 1:46-48.

THESE words were uttered by her who was to be the mother of the Messiah, and they symbolize all that was to be achieved for womanhood by His coming during the ensuing centuries. It is only within Christ's Kingdom—set up over nineteen hundred years ago—that woman, strengthened by Christian faith can take her rightful place in the life of the community. It is true that where Christianity prevails woman is ennobled; where it is unknown or ignored she is degraded.

It is particularly in St. Luke's Gospel that we are shown how important a part women played in the daily life of the community. We read of them as ministering to the Master Himself. They seem to have understood what it all meant; they seem to have had the gift of discernment. We find that when all men forsook Him and fled, women were last at the Cross and first at the empty tomb on the triumphant Resurrection morning.

When we come to examine the teaching of the Master it is noticeable that our Lord ignores the legal and conventional differences between man and woman which in Syria were particularly marked. Women then held a low and despised position—much lower, in fact, than they held in some of the Old Testament periods, but in the incidents of the Gospel story we find example after example of the tender respect with which all women were treated by Him who was the purest and noblest of mankind. Even the most degraded and outcast were not below His kind attention.

Women have always been ready to be the Lord's handmaidens and have served Him in various capacities. A woman called Lydia, a wealthy cloth merchant, was a

A Missionary's Christmas Song

HARK to the music, so glad—
some and free;
Filling earth's spaces from sea
unto sea;
Winging its way o'er oceans so
wide,
Reaching far shores on a full, joy-
ous tide.

Song of the angels that never
grows old,
Richer by far than this world's
brightest gold;
Treasure enduring, though king-
doms decay,
Song of the soul that will ne'er
pass away.

Birth of the songs over Bethle-
hem's plain,
Angels descend with the Heavenly
strain;
Shepherds, in wonder and rev-
'rent delight,
Sing the new songs as they jour-
ney in light.

Darkness dispelled as the angels
were heard,
Light of His coming: true Light
of His Word;
Great dawn awak'ning o'er king-
doms afar,
Men seeking Christ by the light
of a Star.

Sweet Christmas music, the carols
of peace!
May they be sung till earth's
struggling shall cease;
Carols of blessing, how sweet the
refrain;
Songs of His love, sing them over
again.

Hark to the music of Christ and
His birth!
Bringing new hope to our sin-
troubled earth.
Prince of the nations, by peace He
shall reign,
Winning the world to His Father
again.

John H. Fitton

(Major Fitton was a Canadian missionary officer, who died a few years ago on active service.)

indefatigable research work, brought to light the new element, radium.

In The Salvation Army we have abundant proof of what the coming of Christ has meant to women. Catherine Booth, who, though so frail in body, was so courageous in doing the unheard-of thing of preaching in public, has left us a wonderful heritage, for how much poorer the world would have been had it been robbed of the powerful influence of women preachers since then.—E.U.

Since the beginning, the Church of Christ has been a singing church. The record of our Christian hymnology began with the apostolic days, and, right down to the present, the whole world has been influenced greatly by sacred music and song.

Since the birth of Christ the greatest art in the world without exception has been consecrated to His glory; and who can tell the God-honoring results?

When Queen Victoria had just

Various Salvationist writers tell how Christ's coming has affected the lot of women and children, the condition of the sick, the existence of art and music and education. .

Reigns"

ascended her throne she went, as is the custom of royalty, to hear "The Messiah" rendered. Her Majesty had been advised that she must not rise when the others stood at the singing of the "Hallelujah Chorus." When this magnificent chorus was being sung and the choir was singing "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," she kept seated with great difficulty. But, finally, when they came to that part of the chorus where they sang with tremendous power and proclaimed Him King of kings, the young Queen suddenly arose and stood with bowed head, as if she would take her crown from her head and cast it at the feet of Jesus.

Who can ever estimate the influence of the songs composed by Charles Wesley? With his brother John he went forth and proclaimed mightily with music and song the wonderful name of Jesus. Those were bad days, when gin shops invited men and women to "come in and get drunk for twopence." Moral laxity and ignorance were on every hand, but together, Charles and John changed the course of English history; in fact, of civilization.

From the Wesleys to The Salvation Army is not a far cry. It has been said that The Army would sing itself round the world. That prophecy has come true. Music and song have become the "key for so much" in the history of our organization.

Art also has been influenced most powerfully by that first carol sung by the angels with the simple shepherds as their congregation. In the London Academy of 1904 there was a picture painted by Sigismund Goetze which has influenced thousands for good. At the foot of the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral the artist has represented the crucified Christ standing, bound to a marble pedestal. It is in London and the crowd surges past, heedless of His presence. All the figures which go to make up a modern life are there, but they hurry on. The jockey is there, deeply engrossed in the latest edition of the racing news. A scientist is so busy squinting at the contents of a tube that he cannot see the Christ. On the steps beneath, an abandoned woman, with her child, sits, while a newsboy shows a bill advertising the latest sensational divorce case. All types of people are passing by, but



MISSIONARIES VISITING their people in Central Africa have to take to water. A scene on the Niger River.



INDIAN CHILDREN, like their European counterparts, appreciate the visit of Santa Claus, as demonstrated by this happy crowd taken at MacRobert Hospital, Dhariwal, India—an institution managed by the Army.



IN THE WEST INDIES ox-wagons are still used to carry the easy-going folk to and from their village homes.

only one of the vast throng has time for Christ—it is a nurse, on an errand of mercy for suffering humanity.

Bishop Tucker, the first missionary sent to Uganda, East Africa, was, in his early days, an artist. He was painting a picture called

"Homeless" in which he showed a poor woman carrying a baby, struggling along a desolate street on a cold winter night with the sleet driving in her face, when suddenly he threw down his brush. "Why should I go on painting pov-

(Continued on page 14)



Christmas Contrasts

By the Chief Secretary, Colonel R. S. Harewood

The first thought that comes, of course, is that God is no respecter of persons! Shepherds and kings both lose their outward adornings when they come before the Lord of Glory. One has not necessarily to be a doctor of divinity, or even a theological student, to make the acquaintance of the Christ.

The only thing mentioned about the Shepherds is that they were out in the fields keeping watch over their flocks by night. They were faithful in that which was least, and God revealed to them that which was greatest. And they rejoiced.

How different it was with the Wise Men. They were educated men,

There is still sometimes a touch of this strangeness in the way men find the Christ—humble artisans have a revelation; they feel the weight of their sin; they repent and believe in Christ, and at once have the assurance of the Holy Spirit that they have been born of God, while learned men have sometimes long periods of searching before they are able, in simple faith, to apprehend such truth.

But Shepherds and Wise Men both came and bowed before the Christ and worshipped Him. That is a privilege still ours today.

There are unthinking, inexperienced people who feel that prayer is always a time of asking, whereas in reality true prayer has often more of worship than of petition in its composition.

Worship—the blending of the soul of man with the Spirit of God—is the divinest experience man can know. It is this that makes him a religious being. Without it, his life is incomplete.

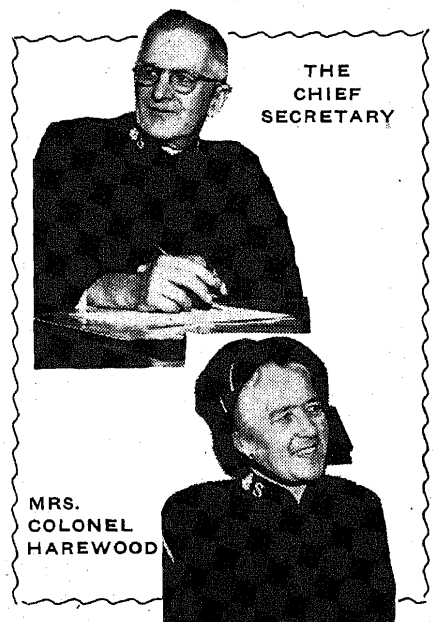
In spite of all the comforts our civilization has won for us, and all the knowledge wise men have placed at our disposal, this hunger of the human soul for worship, for communion with God, has never been assuaged.

Before we can know true satisfaction, we must join the Shepherds and the Wise Men, kneeling in spirit before God's King of Love. The eye was made for light, and the sunshine that falls on field and flower is seen by man and his spirit rejoices. The ear was made for sound,

(Continued on page 15)

AS the Christmas Season once again draws nigh, no doubt we shall all read anew those two charming stories of the people who worshipped the infant Christ. You know—"There were in the same country shepherds, keeping watch over their flock," to them the angel brought good tidings and they hastened in to Bethlehem to see if it were true as the angel had proclaimed. There they found and worshipped Jesus. Again, there came Wise Men from the East saying, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His Star." They, too, found the Christ and worshipped Him.

What a contrast we have in these two stories—the rude Shepherds coming wonderingly into the yard of the inn to see if it really were true as the angels had spoken; the wealthy and powerful Wise Men steadily pressing on in their determined quest for the King whose star they had seen in the East. Yet in both cases we feel there was a sense of awe, of wonder, of adoration, of worship.



THE
CHIEF
SECRETARY

MRS.
COLONEL
HAREWOOD

wealthy men, travelled men; thought indeed to have been kings among men. They had searched the heavens and had discovered for themselves the strange new star. They had reasoned that it was a star of unusual import. They set out on a definite quest for further information. The humble Shepherds were brought in one moment to the knowledge and the place that the Wise Men reached only after months of arduous searching!





WHILE BLIZZARDS RAGE WITHOUT

Indoors Children Enjoy Games



MATCHING PIECES

Divide those present into groups, then give each person a portion of a Christmas object, cut out of thin red paste-board—a bell, a reindeer, a Christmas tree, etc. At a given signal, the players are "let loose" and the first group completing an object are the winners.

SCRAMBLED CAROLS

This game is similar, in that it consists of matching pieces, but this time the fragments are pieces of white cardboard pie plates, on which are written the names of well known carols. The first group fitting together a complete pie-plate, and singing the carol printed on it, so that it can be understood by an impartial judge, wins the prize (if any).

MEMORY TEST

Seat the "revellers" in a circle. The leader starts: "Santa packed his sleigh for Toronto (or Winnipeg or whatever town you are in) and in it he put a pair of skates." The one next to him repeats the words, adding "a ski-suit" (or some other Yuletide gift). The one next to him repeats the sentence, adding another present, and so on. Anyone failing to memorize the gifts in proper order, has to sit in the centre of the ring, until only one person—the winner—remains; or else those who fail pay a forfeit.

PASSING THE ORANGE

Oranges seem to be plentiful at Christmas time, and two good solid specimens of the golden fruit can provide a lot of fun. The players are seated in two rows of chairs, facing each other. Two "starters" each take an orange and, at a sig-

Gay Christmas

GAY Christmas-time is here again, With all its joy and fun,
To celebrate the birthday,
Of our God's beloved Son.
With its joyous, happy games,
And gifts of love galore,
In memory of Him who came—
He whom we all adore.
And as the merry chimes ring out
On this glad Christmas morn,
May Christ our Saviour and our King
In all our hearts be born.

And as we travel on our way
Into the glad New Year,
To these, with whom we daily move
His precious message bear
We'll sound aloud, from day to day,
The message glad and free:
That all who truly come to Him
Shall ever happy be.

(Mrs.) Ruth Hall, Saskatoon, Sask.



nal, drop it between the closed feet of the first person in each row. The idea is to pass it on without touching it with the hands, the feet only being used. If either orange falls to the ground, the starter picks it up and starts it again at the first player. This can be an exciting relay race.

JELLY BEANS

This is an "all-evening" game—one that goes on regardless of what else is taking place. Upon entering the home,

GUESS THESE RIDDLES

1. What is the difference between an engine driver and a school teacher?
2. Why is twice ten the same as twice eleven?
3. What is the difference between your coat and a baby?
4. Why has a horse six legs?
5. When may a boy's pocket be empty and yet have something in it?

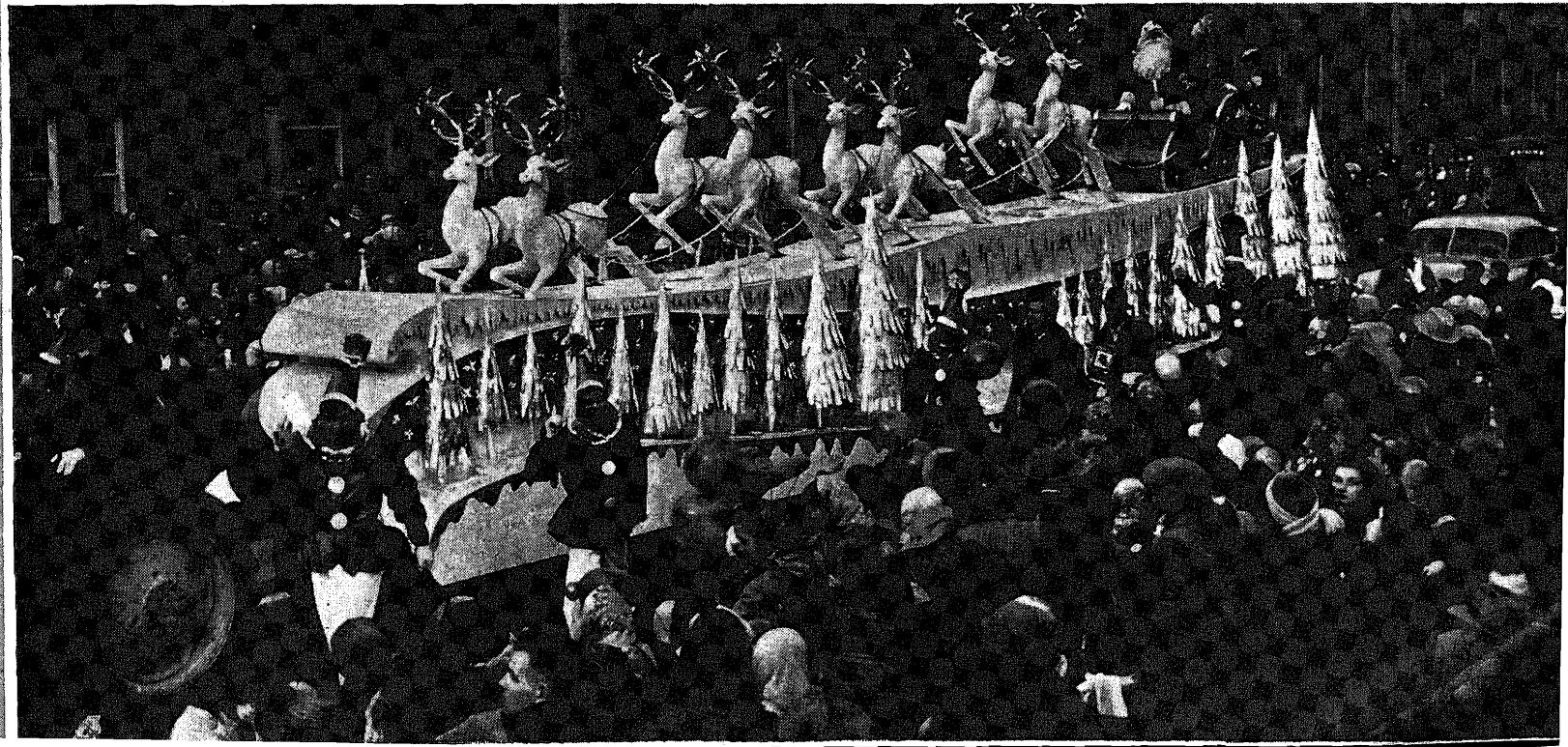
(Answers on page 19)

a little envelope containing three or four Jelly beans is pinned on to the dress or coat of each person attending the party. The idea is to keep from losing the beans by refusing to say "Yes" (or any other given word) the whole evening. Innocent questions like, "Have you lost any beans?" will cause the one replying to say "Yes," and lose another. The word may be changed later on in the evening to confuse the players.

FLOURY-FACE

This game is to be avoided by those who do not like to run the risk of getting flour on the face. Fill a basin with flour, pack it down hard, then turn it out on a pastry board in the form of a mould. On the top place a nickel. The players line up and approach the table, take a sharp carving knife and slice a piece off the mould, taking care not to dislodge the coin. It is surprising to what a thin tower the flour-mould dwindles before some luckless person knocks down the nickel and has to pick it up with his teeth.

THE GRAND CLIMAX to a mile-long parade arranged annually by a large department store in Toronto, the float with Santa and his reindeer. Traffic throughout the city is disrupted by the vast crowds that insist on seeing the arrival of old Saint Nicholas. (courtesy T. Eaton Co.)





very much of a recluse, who lived a seemingly useless sort of life, solitary, and apparently quite friendless. One day, the letter-carrier found he had to call at Bill's place with a letter, and a letter for Griffin was a rarity. It was in December, and Tom stamped the snow from his boots as he made his way up the narrow path that led to the house. The place looked neglected, with its faded curtains, its weather-stained windows and weed-grown path.

The door was opened grudgingly to his knock, but wide enough to reveal a man about his own age, who eyed him suspiciously. "A letter for you," Tom announced.

"It'll be no letter," Bill grumbled, "More likely a bill!"

"Well, maybe it is," Tom acknowledged, "still, I'll soon have the pleasure of bringing something more agreeable; it's Christmas soon you know."

Even the exquisite beauty of the winter scene could not divert the postman's thoughts from the frustrated figure at the cottage door.

WESTBOROUGH is not the real name of the Ontario town with which my story is connected. It is only necessary to say that Westborough is the prototype of many another Canadian town with its short main street, its churches, its firehall, its service stations, its town hall, and its little Salvation Army hall.

There were two other features of which the townspeople were inordinately proud, and which placed Westborough in a class by itself. The first of these was its fine little Army band; the second, the fact that the town had, for nearly a year now, enjoyed the distinction and convenience of having house-to-house postal delivery of letters.

In a way, these two distinctions were inter-related, for when postal delivery service was introduced, a certain local officer of The Salvation Army (whom we'll call Tom Sturdy) was given the job of postman.

Tom had come to town some months before from the city, and, possessing musical ability was at once made Bandmaster. This was the reason for the ensuing successes of the band. Tom became a sort of hero in the town. Not only did he possess musical gifts, but he seemed to have an attractiveness that secured his friends' utmost loyalty. His modest and unassuming manner speedily made him a general favorite.

By contrast, there lived in a lonely cottage up the hill, Bill Griffin,

The face of the other did not soften. "That'll make no difference to me," he replied. "You'll have nothing to carry up the hill for Bill Griffin."

"But there's bound to be cards, at least," Tom insisted.

"What, for me?" The tone was edged with scorn. "There'll be no cards, either. There'll be nothing, you can be sure of that."

Before Tom could reply the door was closed against him. Slowly he made his way down the hill, his mind engaged with the lonely figure in the isolated cottage. As a comparative newcomer to the district, Tom knew nothing about the hermit, but he could see from the set, almost hostile expression that there was something very wrong with Bill Griffin.

The wind had died down and a near zero atmosphere had settled over the countryside, bathing the landscape in a wintry beauty of quiet peace. But even the hills spreading away in the distance under their white mantles and the exquisite beauty of the winter scene could not divert Tom's thoughts from the frustrated figure at the cottage, who had received him with such ill grace.

He mentioned the matter to Mrs. Best, the post-mistress, a large motherly woman, with a face that usually wore a good-natured expression. But when Tom mentioned the name of Bill Griffin, her eyes hardened.

"Bill Griffin!" she repeated. "Now don't go wasting any sym-

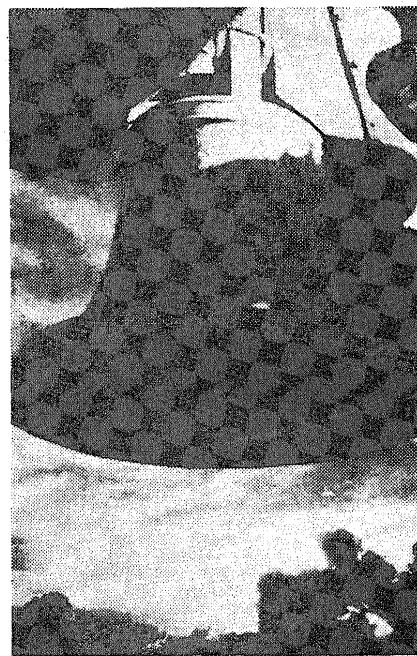


A Warped Personality . . .
... An Inspired Idea . . .

pathy on him. He isn't worth it. Everybody here's done their best for him especially Mr. Bell, the minister. He called on him three times, only to have the door slammed in his face.

Tom looked troubled. "But he's not a happy man," he repeated.

"Well, who's fault is that? He treated his poor wife shamefully. He's plenty of relatives around Westborough, and he ignores everyone of them. An old family is the Griffin's family; they have lived here for



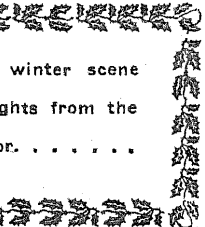
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A Warped Personality . . . A Salvationist Postman . . . An Inspired Idea . . . Twelve Greeting Cards

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ilies should live. But not Bill. Oh, no! Left
a good farm by his father, and some prop-
erty in town, and what has he to show for
it? The little house he lives in that's all."

"But what's been the cause of the
trouble?" Tom questioned.

"Racing and gambling." Mrs. Best re-
plied explosively. "Sold the farm to buy
horses, and went from bad to worse. He
wouldn't give his wife house-keeping mon-
ey. Now I ask you, does a man like that



Peace On Earth

AND in despair, I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth; good will to men!"
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

Longfellow.

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"It's a very
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A Salvationist Postman Twelve Greeting Cards

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Right prevail,
Peace on earth, good will to men!"

Longfellow.

Christmas Number

deserve sympathy?"

"It's a very difficult problem," Tom admitted. "But, maybe it's pride that keeps him up there and makes him avoid people."

"Pride!" Mrs. Best snorted. "What's he got to be proud about?"

"I mean," Tom explained, "he knows he's done wrong, and his pride won't let him acknowledge the fact."

"Well, he's made his own bed," Mrs. Best decided abruptly, "and he must lie on it."

Tom, however felt quite sure that there was a way of reaching Bill Griffin. He hadn't found the way when he fell asleep that night, even though he had prayed about the lonely, unrelenting figure on the hillside.

But when he awoke next morning Tom was possessed of a great idea. To put it into operation he needed the help of a number of people, but he felt sure that he would find the help he needed. He broached the matter to Mrs. Ross, who lived in the cottage nearest Bill Griffin's place, as he went his rounds that day.

Getting Supporters

"I wonder if you would do me a favor?"

"What do you wish me to do?" she asked, curiously.

"Send a Christmas card to William Griffin up the hill!"

"Send him a card?" she echoed in amazement.

"I know it's a queer request," Tom admitted. "Only, well, it's Christmas—and I'd like to see him restored to his old position and standing in the town. I thought if only some of the people he's known all his life would send him a card, he might feel he can make a comeback."

Mrs. Ross pondered the matter for several seconds. "All right," she decided at last, "I don't suppose it will do the least bit of good, but as the minister was saying last Sunday, we have to think particularly about the lost sheep. Well, I'll do as you say, Mr. Sturdy."

It was with the members of Bill's own family that Tom had the greatest difficulty. Having suffered the most, they found it harder to make the move Tom suggested. Evelyn Griffin, rather grim and dour in appearance, flatly refused at first, but eventually she relented.

But with Mary, he had the hardest task of all and this surprised him. For Mary had a gentle face, and there was a graciousness of manner about her which contrasted sharply with the sadness in her eyes. Tom noticed the sorrow was always there, like a shadow which lingered perpetually, and there was a hint of it in her tone. When he made his request, she stiffened and her lips set in a firm line.

"I know I am asking a great deal," Tom said persuasively, "but already ten people have agreed to send a



The warmth of Tom's heart made him ignore his cold job.

card; I really would like to make sure of a full dozen."

"I'm sure I appreciate your intentions," Mary told him, "but he has hurt some more than others, and he has hurt me more than all."

"I'm very sorry to hear that," Tom said feelingly, "but it is such a little thing. Just a gesture of friendliness towards a fellow-human being, at a time when we celebrate the goodwill of God towards everyone of us. The more we have to forgive, the more reason we should forgive."

There was a long silence.

"I don't think you realize how much you are asking," Mary said slowly, "but I will do as you ask."

Tom was surprised to see that she was struggling to control deep emotion, and that, in spite of herself, her eyes were bright with tears.

"I didn't mean——" he began.

She laid a restraining hand on his arm. "Don't say another word about it," she begged, huskily. "I appreciate the motives that have prompted your request."

It was late afternoon of the day before Christmas when Tom climbed
(Continued on page 18)

Blessings Abound Where'er He Reigns

erty and loneliness?" he cried, "and do nothing to help people in their distress?" From this moment he consecrated his life to the service of the Christ, first in the slums of one of the great cities of England, and then in one of the darkest spots in Africa. — C.H.

The Benefits of His Coming Medically

WHAT a glorious transformation has been wrought in the World of Sickness by the coming of Christ. All through the ages people have tried to cure disease, but many of the ailments treated were thought incurable, and the afflicted, often despised, were forced to live as beggars. Many of these ancient diseases are now known to be curable and many others preventable.

Christ spent the whole of His career in "going about doing good" and healing the sick of "all manner of disease." He accomplished marvellous cures—miracles. Plague and fever, two of the "Bible diseases," are even today great scourges, but what wonderful strides have been made in their treatment! Doctors, in the Christ-like spirit of compassion, have given their lives in research for the treating and preventing of these dreaded ailments. Owing to their efforts we have drugs that have saved from death's door many suffering from these terrors.

From Contempt to Love

In the days of Christ a leper was loathed and despised and went about the streets crying "Unclean! Unclean!" Christ cleansed many of this awful disease. Today we have, in tropical lands, several leper institutions where the patients, while being isolated, are allowed to live a perfectly normal life and where they are treated by loving hands; each year many are pronounced cured. What but the love of Christ in the hearts of men and women caused them to alleviate the sufferings caused by the disease?

The lame and the paralyzed were also healed, and for these, too, there was thought to be no remedy. Now bone surgery has made such wonderful advances that a child actually born lame can, in some cases, be taught to walk.

Christ also restored the faculties of the blind and the deaf and dumb, who, in those days, had to beg for a living. What a difference today! Louis Braille, himself a blind man, invented an alphabet that the sightless could read with ease and pleasure. Schools have been built where those afflicted may learn to use their hands and become efficient tradesmen and useful citizens. Moreover, certain measures are taken at birth to prevent this awful

(Continued from page 9)



disability. Today, not nearly so many blind people are born into the world as in the past. The deaf and dumb have also been taught a language of their own, and, most marvellous of all, they have been taught to sing. Feeling the vibrations of an organ they know how to praise God in song, accomplishing this feat by the most beautiful, rythmical movements of their fingers and limbs.

A Lesson in Love

Christ not only healed the people Himself, but taught us to apply remedies, as is shown by the story of the Good Samaritan ("... pouring in oil and wine..."). In those days people did not trouble to do anything for one who was left to die on the roadside, which fact we know by the attitude of the Levite and the Priest. Christ taught us that it is our duty to attend to such a person by cleansing his wounds and making provision for his recovery. Today, if a person meets with an accident he receives immediate attention. On the battlefield, soldiers have been known to relieve the sufferings of their enemies. When Jesus was captured by His enemies one of His disciples cut off the High Priest's servant's ear with his sword but Jesus put forth His hand and healed him. Such an act of generous forgiveness had never before

To The Heathen

THE missionary, in his zeal to carry the Gospel to the heathen, has always been in the vanguard of pioneering endeavor in the opening up of new territory. Sometimes he has been the first white man that dark-skinned tribes have seen, and the first to bring them knowledge of a world other than their own. Missionary history enshrines countless incidents of men and women who, counting not their own lives dear, have risked and lost everything in order to carry out their mission to the unevangelized peoples of the world. Many have laid down their lives on the mission field.

What benefits have come to the heathen and at what cost? That is, of course, a question impossible to answer adequately within the small compass of this article. One can do no more than indicate the general benefits. It may, however, be helpful to take a look at the heathen in their primitive and undisturbed state. Beneath their apparent tranquility and contentment there are depths of evil and degradation. It is true to say that many of their tribal customs are not without redeeming features and even qualities that their more civilized brethren could profitably copy. At the same time, whether one regards these primitive peoples as having, in the dim past, fallen from a higher state or whether one conceives them as partially emerging from conditions of brute ancestry, stumbling up through sin and error towards God and righteousness, facts remain of infanticide, degradation of woman-kind, oppression of children, ignorance, witchcraft, superstition, drunkenness, cruelty, darkness and suffering.

The Gospel of God, the message of the missionary, is the power which alone can lift the heathen to higher levels, which can create a Christian civilization out of heathendom. God's power is alone the power which abolishes barbarism and oppression, uplifts woman to her rightful sphere, and purifies and transforms individual and communal life.

It is always profitable and, indeed, interesting to mark the change which, over the years, comes

(Continued on page 19)

been performed up to that time.

This Christmastide we cannot help but think of the thousands of souls who have been won into Christ's Kingdom through the touch of healing, and we praise God because we know it is all through the sending of His Son into the world. May we take an example from Christ's life and go about doing good. — W.H.

He Came!

By Bramwell Booth

HE came Himself. There is something very wonderful in this principle of contact as illustrated in the life of Jesus. Just as to save the human race He felt it necessary to come into it, and clothe Himself with its nature and conform Himself to its natural laws so all the way through His earthly journey He was constantly seeking to come into touch with the people He desired to bless. He touched the sick, He fed the hungry, He placed His fingers on the blind eyes, and put them upon the ears of the deaf, and touched the tongue of the dumb. . . .

Is there not a lesson here for us, my comrade? As He is in the world, so are we. This principle in His life was not by accident or by chance, it was an essential qualification of His nature for the work entrusted to Him. It is a necessary qualification for those who are called to carry on that work.



Follow The Star

"WE find in its naked truth the Child in the manger, even as the Wise Men from the East found Him, when they came to seek a great King. There is but one necessary condition of this finding: we must follow the particular manifestation of light given us, never resting until it rests—over the place of the Child. And there is but one insurmountable hindrance, the extinction of, or drawing back from, the light truly apprehended by us. We forget this, and judge other men by the light of our own soul."

Michael Fairless.

"As I watch the Christmas candles burn, I see in them a symbol of the great love which dipped a lustrous Spirit into human form, that the world in its darkness might be illumined and made beautiful."

Abbie Graham.

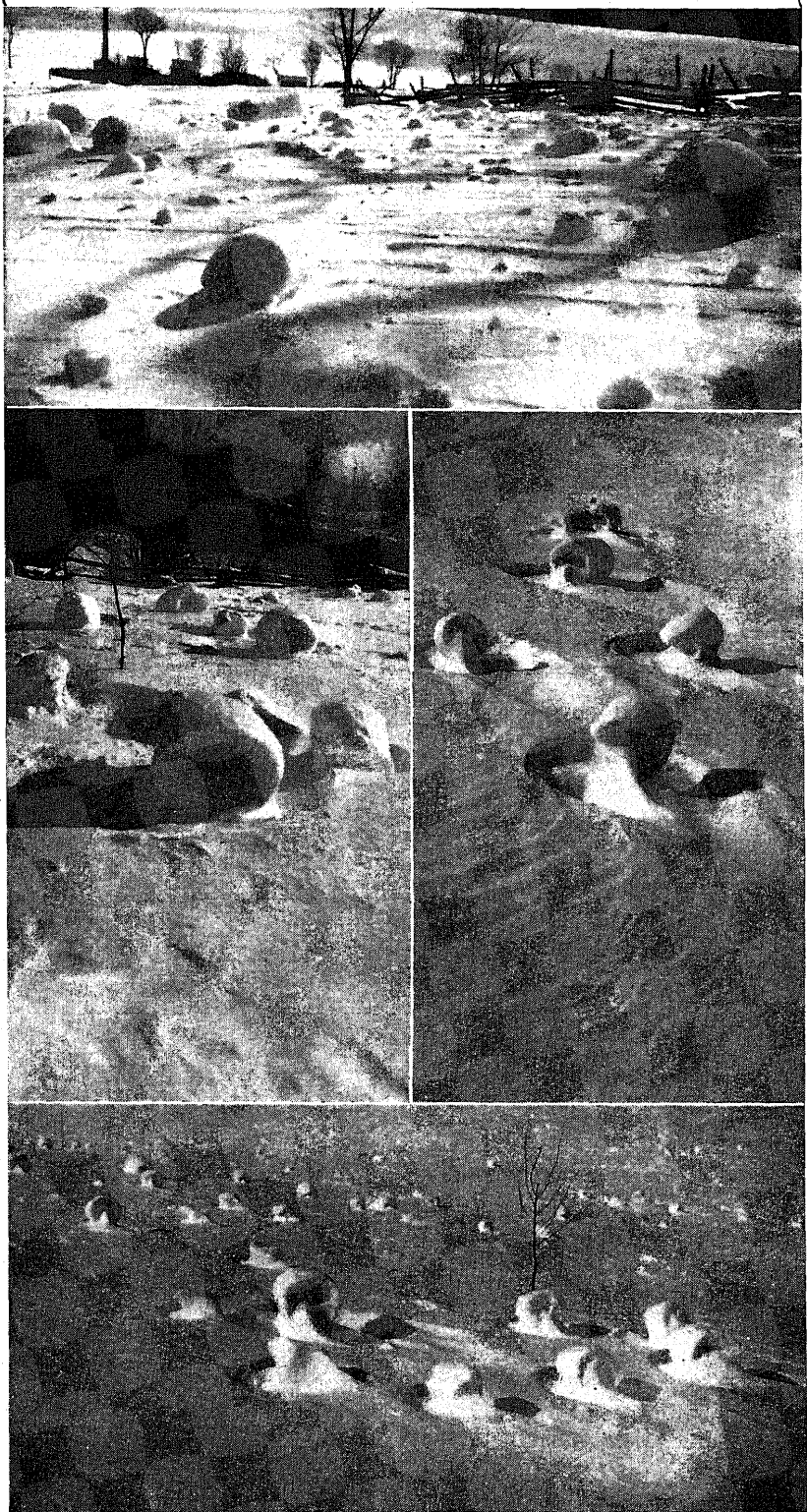
CHRISTMAS CONTRASTS

(Continued from page 10)

and the music of bird and stream and human voice lifts him upward to invisible realms. The human spirit was made for communion with the Divine, and man is blind and deaf, lonely and lost, until His spirit finds its God, and bows in worship. Nor is God's joy complete in us until we come to Him in worship and in prayer.

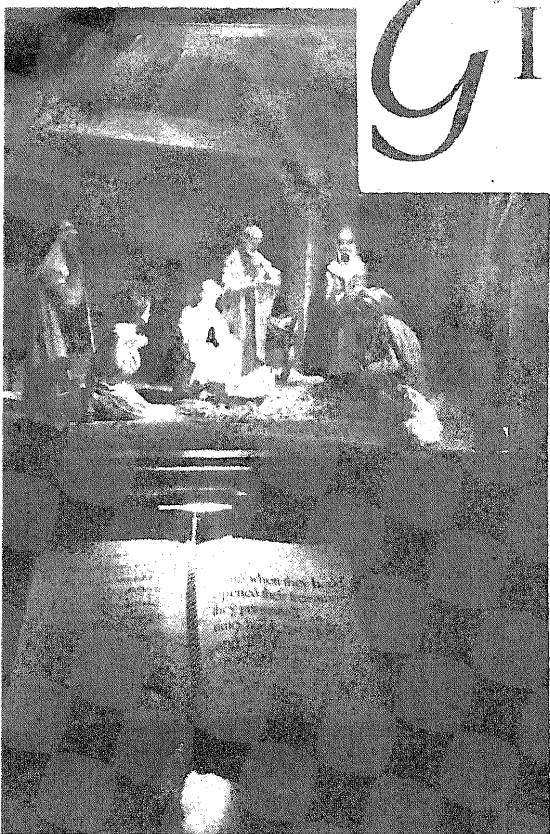
Christmas Number

WIND MAKES SNOW-SHAPES



QUEER SNOW SCULPTURE, seen on a Quebec farm, carved by nature alone. The day before the objects appeared had been cold, still and snowy. Wind sprang up in the night and, next morning, the whole landscape was strewn with strange "snow rolls" of an average size of an eighteen-inch log. Some were hollow, and the sun shone through them. — Courtesy Audobon Magazine.

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A Christmas display in the window of a Toronto department store.

GIFTS for the KING

THE thoughts of many at this time of the year are taken up with the subject of gifts, and we would do well to consider what is the true spirit of giving. There is no doubt that every child of God wishes to celebrate the Saviour's birth in the best way possible, but instead of thinking out what that is we merely follow customs that were handed down from generation to generation.

Here is a question that may revolutionize one's thinking: If one of your children had a birthday, would you present gifts to the other members of the family and leave the one whose birthday it was without any gift? The answer would be an indignant "No."

The Scriptures speak of the wise men who, "When they were come into the house saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and fell down and worshipped Him, and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh." They did not give the gifts to Joseph or Mary, nor did they bestow their gifts on one another, but they gave them to Jesus.

How excellent it would be if God's people, who have been redeemed with the precious blood of Jesus, would catch the vision and give gifts at Christmas to the Lord Jesus Christ. How the heart of Jesus must be saddened when, on His birthday, a lot of money, which is needed to help win souls in this sin-cursed

world, is spent on so much tinsel and show, while multitudes are without Christ. If folk would honor Jesus on His birthday by giving to His cause, they would receive a great blessing.

You may say that Jesus is not here personally to receive the gift. The answer is that you may present your gifts to the Lord by placing in the Lord's treasury money which will enable souls in sin and darkness to receive the light of the glorious Gospel through His Word and other means.

Church statistics report that, during the months of November and December, less money is received in the treasury than any other months during the year. Whether this is so or not, what is your answer to this problem? J. Laing.

The Heart, His Throne

IT IS not enough that Christ was born

Beneath the star that shone,
And earth was set that morn
Within a golden zone.

He must be born within the heart

Before He finds His throne,
And brings the day of love
and good. . . .

The reign of Christlike brotherhood.

THERE is a wistful charm about the very name "Christmas" which makes folk prone to hold on to the thrill of the season as long as they possibly can. The carols are sung over and over again, and only put away with reluctance; the decorations over the pictures and in doors and windows are taken down with a sigh, and stored carefully away. At last, when the floor is littered with pine needles, the tree is shorn of its litter and dragged out, with a heavy heart, into the back yard where, if there is enough snow, it is set up decked with food for the birds, and kept till the very last.

It seems that man, in his yearning to keep Christmas as long as he could has found a way of perpetuating the season throughout the year—and every year. He has emblazoned it freely on his maps! In some form or another, Christmas appears on many parts of the atlas or



Christmas

In Geography

globe. Perhaps the best known is the U.S. town of Santa Claus, a place whose small post office is swamped with letters around the year's end, sent there to acquire the magic post-mark, "Santa Claus." Then there are two Christmas Islands. One is in the South Sea group, and was thus named by that adventurous sailor-explorer, Captain Cook who, after sighting a beautiful island and striving for four days to land, at last conquered

the fierce seas and landed on Christmas Day, 1777.

The other island with the yuletide name is a lonely spot in the Indian Ocean, and is under Straits Settlement administration. Its 2,000 people work on the phosphate deposits there. No doubt it too was discovered on December 25th.

Vasco da Gama, daring Portuguese navigator, rounded the Cape of Good Hope

(Continued on page 20)

Silvery Trumpets

THE earth has grown old with its burden of care,

But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the Jewel burns lustrous and fair,

And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field

Where the feet of the holiest have trod,

This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed

When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed

That mankind are the children of God.

Phillips Brooks.

WHERE JESUS LIVED

NAZARETH, in Galilee, (as it is today) the hill town where Jesus lived with His mother and Joseph, the carpenter, and where He learned obedience and respect. Here He grew to manhood and heard the Call to begin His divine ministry.



THE Chrysanthemum is perennially linked with the festive season by a legend.

This legend says that long ago, Hans, a poor charcoal burner who lived in mid-Europe, was going home on Christmas Eve full of thoughts as to what he could give his children to make Christmas Day the special day it ought to be. As he trudged through the snow he was startled to hear a baby cry. Making his way in the direction from which the sound had come, he found a naked baby under a tree, crying and half-frozen. He wrapped his coat around it and took it home to his wife, who received the little stranger lovingly. She comforted him, put some of her own children's clothes on him, gave him some food and put him to bed. With another mouth to feed, Hans knew quite well that now their meagre resources would not stretch to extras for his own children. However, he was happy in the knowledge that they were doing their best for this little one.

During the night, so runs the legend, he and his wife were awakened to hear some one praying. It was the baby, and they both looked at each other, wondering what it could mean. Could it be the Christ-child they were sheltering? The thought thrilled them—but in the morning the baby had gone. Hans went out to search again for the place where he had found the child the evening before. When he arrived he found no baby there, but in the very spot where it had lain was a cluster of beautiful golden flowers. Gathering some, he took them back to his wife, who declared she had never seen anything so beautiful. "We will call them chrysanthemums," she said, "in memory of our special Christmas gift."

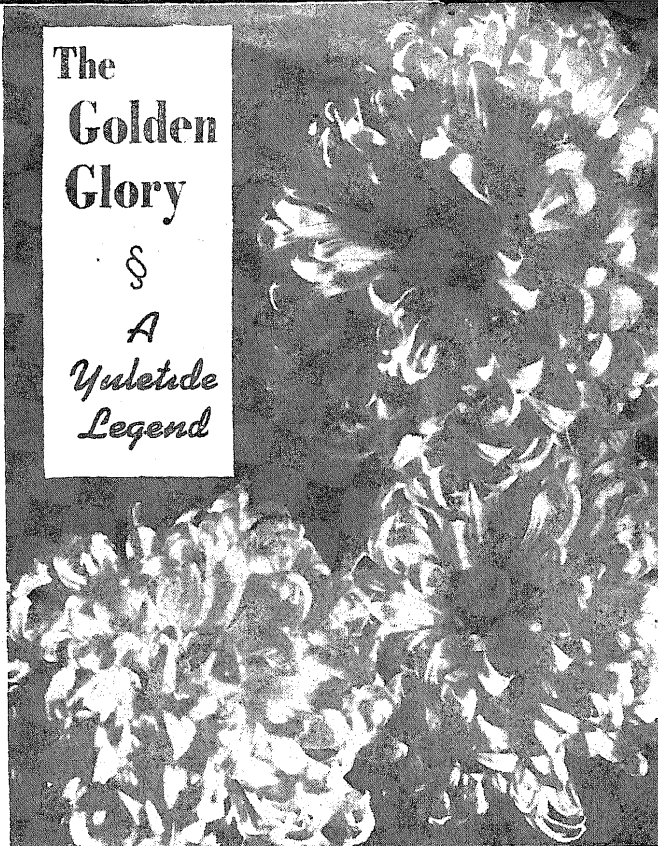
The actual meaning of the word is "golden flower"—from "chrysos," gold and "anthemon," flower—and experts agree that all chrysanthemums were originally yellow or gold. Although such legends may have been handed down through many generations, their worth lies not so much in the literal fact as in the truths they convey. This golden flower reminds us of a golden deed, and the spirit which prompted it is the true gold of the Gospel. It surely recalls the words, "Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For . . . I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

Now the glory of a thing is its transcendent quality; it is the mysterious meaning which lies beneath what may be quite an ordinary appearance. Some of the gospel glory is enshrined in the humble fact that 2,000 years ago a young couple could find nowhere to lay their new-born Child but in a lowly manger, with the cattle for His companions. Behind this mean and lowly appearance is the wondrous truth that this was God Himself breaking in upon the earthly scene in order to make one last attempt to help men recognize Him in all His works and ways.

On a more recent Christmas a man was walking down the streets of Baltimore, U.S.A. The shops were full of lovely things, and as he passed along he saw three girls standing before a shop window. He

The Golden Glory

§ A Yuletide Legend



caught snatches of exciting talk, but noticed that it was all done by two of the girls. Drawing nearer he soon found why one girl was silent—she was blind. The others were her sisters, and they were doing their best to describe to her the beauties of the Christmas toys and decorations, although the difficulties they encountered were rather beyond their expectations. Passing on down the street the man mused, "How like my position that is when I try to tell other men about Christ. I may talk about Him, but they see 'no beauty that they should desire Him.' Of course, if they would only come to see Him for themselves, like those in the traditional Christmas story, He would open their eyes and reveal Himself to them in all His loveliness and grace."

Some Fail to see Him

Another glory of the Gospel is that Christ does come to earth and to men, again and again, seeking a place of abode. Some, by thought for their fellows—like Hans—make Him room as their guest, whilst others, unseeing, unheeding, will rob themselves of that honor.

Some fail to see Him because, like Herod, they are looking for a king and exaltation, and are not prepared for the come-down of a manger in a stable. They cannot see in the ordinary the opportunity for service, it is only the big and public thing for them.

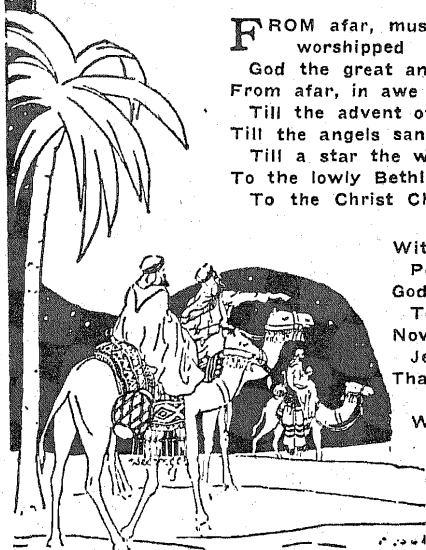
God sent Christ at Christmas time because men had become confused, and had harbored false ideas about what He was like. The Apostle John bears record that men "beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." As a result of that glory of the Gospel the world was changed. Men found a new mean-

(Continued on page 18)

"God Is Infinitely Nearer"

FROM afar, must men have worshipped
God the great and holy One,
From afar, in awe and wonder,
Till the advent of God's Son;
Till the angels sang the message,
Till a star the wise men led
To the lowly Bethlehem stable,
To the Christ Child's manger bed.

With His coming, heaven opened;
Poured its glory o'er the earth,
God seemed infinitely nearer
To men, since the Saviour's birth.
Now we pray, "O God, our Father,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.
Thank you, Lord, for Bethlehem's love-gift
Which has brought Thee very near."
Mrs. A. Foster, Rossland, B.C.





(Continued
from page 13)

The Hermit On The Hill

ed the hill again. Away in the town lights were beginning to appear in the windows of the houses and shops. There was a deep quiet in the atmosphere, and overhead were visible the first bright stars of evening. Tom counted out twelve envelopes, and waited eagerly for the answer to his knock on the door. It came at last; the door was opened, as before, just a few inches. "Twelve cards for you Mr. Griffin," Tom announced almost triumphantly.

There was a sharp gasp of incredulity from the figure standing in the shadows. "There's some mistake!" "Oh, no," Tom asserted. "They're all for you, I'm sure of it." "You'd better come in while I have a look at 'em," William decided.

Tom entered. It was a neglected room, and the dress and appearance of William Griffin proclaimed him to be neglected also. Tom watched the emotions struggling for mastery as the recluse went through the cards. "I don't understand," he

kept repeating, plainly speaking to himself. "I don't understand."

Tom remained silent, watching intently the compressed lips, quivering, in spite of William's determination to keep them steady.

"Wishing you a happy Christmas," he read aloud, with a breaking voice, "from Mary."

The card fell from Bill's hand, but the moment it touched the floor, he bent to retrieve it.

"It can't be!" he exclaimed, "It can't be, Oh, Mary, Mary."

Bill was laughing and crying at the same time. He grasped Tom's hand. "It's from Mary," he shouted!

Tom was too bewildered to say anything, but he was even more astonished when William snatched up his hat and rushed to the door.

Strange Behaviour

"I'm going to see her!" he cried excitedly. "I'm going now." Tom followed to the door, but already the figure of the hermit was lost in the darkness.

Wondering and astonished, Tom continued on his round. Perhaps the shock had unhinged William's mind. Certainly he had acted like a man who had suddenly lost his reason. The Salvationist's anxiety increased.

He hurried through his remaining calls and was relieved, indeed, when he reached the house of Mary Griffin to find that all seemed peaceful and normal. But the moment the door opened to his knock, he found himself caught up in a bewildering way. "Mr. Sturdy!" and that was all he heard for he was being pulled into the house by Mary, a new Mary who was babbling with

excitement. "You've done it, Mr. Sturdy! You've done it!"

He looked round the neatly-furnished, bright, clean little parlor, with its Christmas decorations. "Done, what have I done?"

"Why, you've brought us together again," Mary said delightedly.

Still Tom was not quite sure of himself. "You mean, that, that . . . William . . . ?"

"Of course, is my husband," Mary cried.

And then Tom understood. "Why, that's wonderful," he said with joy. "There are so many Griffins in Westborough, I never guessed that you were his wife."

"Well, she is," Bill said proudly, coming from an inner room. "We've been separated for five years. They've been five lonely, hard years. But now we're together again, and this time for good. I don't know how we can thank you, Mr. Sturdy!"

"Don't try," Tom begged. "Thank God, who gave us Christmas with its message of glad tidings of great joy, and may this, indeed, be a Happy Christmas to you both."

It Must Be True

"The tale endures, and all the words of sages
Repeat the solemn message down the years,
And man has heard it through the echoing ages
With smiles akin to tears.

It must be true, this legend, like the roses,
Each coming back upon its deathless stem.
Ah! thus it lasts, as Time's book never closes,
Sweet tale of Bethlehem!"

C. H. Towne.

THE STAR HAD DISAPPEARED

TRADITION tells of an old man who was at work in his house when the Wise Men of the East, led by the Star, passed on their way to seek the infant Saviour.

"Come with us," they said. "We are going to find the Christ so long looked for by men."

"Not now," he replied, "I am not ready to go now. But by and by I will follow on and find Him with you."

But when his work was done, the Wise Men had gone, and the Star in the heavens which went before them had disappeared, and he never found his way to the Saviour.

Alas! the same sad story could be told of thousands who, like Felix, have said: "Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season I will call thee." But to many such the convenient season never came. *Seek the Saviour now!*



(Continued from page 17)

ing in their living, and many of them became like their Lord. In this, our generation, we are faced with a similar situation as at the time when Christ first came. Life is complex and confused, and man-

The Golden Glory

kind is looking for some sure word. Today the glory of the Gospel can only be maintained by us who have heard the angel's message: "Unto you is born this day . . . a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Radiant Lives Speak

Though our plea for men to "Come and worship Christ the newborn King," may fall on deaf ears, if our lives reveal something of His beauty and grace, they are more likely to catch a glimpse of what today's glory of the Gospel is. After all, it means nothing unless from the frail, and often unlikely, material that human nature is heir to, there emanates some superior quality which is not our own.

S.G.O.—In The Assurance.

A MIDNIGHT SURPRISE

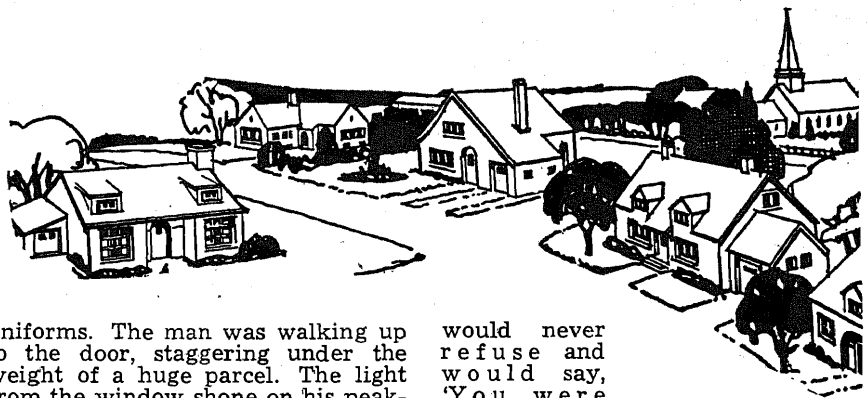
IT is a bleak experience to come up to Christmas Eve and have nothing for the children. Mrs. Brownwood had lost her husband a month or two before the festive season and, by the time accounts had been settled, she found herself in a precarious position, with three small children to care for. She soon secured work; her mother looked after the children, but it was a long grim struggle before the sun shone through again. That first Christmas she will never forget.

She was so confident something would come. Had not representatives of several organizations called on her and taken particulars of the names and ages of the children? But here it was approaching midnight, Christmas Eve, the children "all nestled snug in their beds," but not a thing to adorn the rather bare tree she had managed to set up in the front room.

Tears slipped down the face of the widow as she saw her hopes fading one by one—not that she cared for herself, but for the little ones; Christmas means so much to them, and the non-appearance of anything from Santa would, she knew, hurt their faith and do something to them that time would not efface.

Then a motor truck drew up at the curb. She hastily wiped her eyes and sat up. Could it be—?

The man seated by the driver was getting out, a man dressed in some sort of uniform. Who could it be? None of the organizations that had contacted her wore



uniforms. The man was walking up to the door, staggering under the weight of a huge parcel. The light from the window shone on his peaked cap, and she caught the words, "The Salvation Army." A throb of gratitude touched her heart. The Army! How had they heard about her case? She knew none of the members had called on her. She opened the door, and a smiling officer wished her the season's greetings, and deposited the package under the tree. Then, with a "God bless you!" he was gone. Tears flowed freely as the widow tore off the wrappings so that she could hardly see the toys—one for each child—the clothing, and all the fixings for a good Christmas meal.

Her eyes were bright as she told me the story—now quite an elderly woman—an editor of a magazine on whom I had called for a favor.

"So is it any wonder that I never turn the Army down?" she concluded. "My boys grew up and went out into the world. Always, whenever the Army collector called, they

would never refuse and would say, 'You were the organization that gave us such a wonderful Christmas just after Dad died!'

"But we never found out how the Army got to know about our plight." And as I went my way I thought that was the nicest thing about the whole affair—the delightful surprise of it all.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

(Continued from page 11)

1. The engine driver "minds the train" and the school teacher "trains the mind."
2. Because twice ten is twenty, and twice eleven is twenty-two (twenty too).
3. A baby you once were; your coat you now wear.
4. Because it has fore (pronounced like "four") legs in front and two behind.
5. When it has a hole in it.

about in communities in which missions have been working. The centre of village life changes, and the church or corps or school becomes the focal point. Oft times the chief, in deciding difficult and involved questions of conduct among his people, seeks the aid of the missionary.

With the acceptance of Christ the convert from heathenism puts away his ancestor worship, severs himself from the cult which has tied him hand and foot to customs and habits which have persisted for centuries and from which he has been afraid to turn lest he provoke the spirits of his fathers who were watching over him. Bound to ancient methods of tilling the soil, he has been kept poor and often on the verge of starvation, but, with the knowledge of Christ, he also learned from the missionary new and progressive methods of agriculture which have increased his crops and possessions.

It will readily be seen, then, that the ministry of God's Word is not the sum total of a missionary's activities. Wherever there are missions, clinics, hospitals and schools become established. How can the missionary in his love for the people

Blessings Abound

(Continued from page 14)

remain unmoved by the sufferings caused through lack of medical facilities or their ignorance through lack of schools? How can he truly teach the Word of God if he fails to teach the people how to read it for themselves? And in teaching the people to read he must also, of necessity, provide them with books to read; so he translates the best books of other lands into the vernacular of his people.

A missionary told me that, in his opinion at least half of the children born to African parents in the villages die in their childhood. Little imagination is required to envisage the medical needs of a people where such a high degree of mortality exists. The missionary is alive to these conditions, and, wherever it is possible, founds hospitals and clinics to attempt to meet the needs of the people. It would be useless to attempt to compute the number of lives saved through the methods of hygiene and sanitation taught

by him, or to tell of the great work done by devoted Christian nurses in mission hospitals.

Missionaries are always the first to realize that in the evangelization of primitive peoples the best and most satisfactory work is done by converts, who, knowing so intimately the mind, language and customs of their own people, are able to present the Good Tidings most effectively. The natural sequence of this realization is that schools are needed to train and fit the people to do this work, to educate the masses so that they may more readily understand the Gospel. So in many missionary countries there are to be found mission colleges, institutes and schools which have become great and important centres in the cultural development of newly-awakened people. These centres, churches, hospitals and schools have grown, more often than not, out of the simple service of individual pioneers, who, in the strength of the Lord, and with Bible in hand, have gone forth to preach salvation to those who "sat in great darkness," and to those bound and fettered by evil and superstition. — G.T.



JESUS

A Never-Failing Source of Wonder

IN his beautiful story of the Advent, Luke, in something like an aside, remarks, "All they that heard it wondered." That is an observation of deep significance. It is as if a window had opened upon a far horizon. What but that same wonder will draw the heart of Christendom to the Holy Shrine this December month? The magic mystery of that wonder does not lessen: in its very universality this act of homage is an increasing wonder. This age-long worship at Bethlehem survives the generations. Eras pass, dynasties disappear and kingdoms crumble into dust, but Bethlehem remains. All this because it rests on the wonder of all wonders—God manifest in the flesh. Heaven stoops to earth and the Eternal stands among men, clothed in the garments of time.

It is not too much to say that the vitality of our faith is built upon a preservation of a sense of wonder. As soon as men cease to wonder at the amazing fact of the Incarnate God, they become insensitive to the eternal values in which the Faith is woven.

This world of ours grows old, and always with the advance of age comes the danger of the weakening of the sense of wonder. We become so blasé; we decline to be impressed; we consider it bad form to be surprised at anything. But once we have ceased to be amazed, it may fairly be said that in the midst of life we are in death. For knowledge is ours only as it comes through the gates of wonder. Even in heaven it would seem there is room for surprise, for Peter, speaking of this very Bethlehem Wonder, assures us

that it is one of those supreme themes which angels desire to look into; they are moved by surprise. But even to the men of His own day Jesus Christ was a wonder; they could not fathom the mystery of His personality. Did not the Master state the difficulty in this word — "What think ye of Christ?" This Eternal wonder was the challenging figure of that generation, cause of division, source of ceaseless debate. Jesus, Very God, was the dividing line of his countrymen. "Who is this Christ?" That question, whatever its form, is strangely unique. Men do not ask, "Who is this Pilate?" "This Judas?" "This Caesar?" "This Oliver Cromwell?" They are just themselves: we know them quite

clearly, their time, their place.

But never so, this Christ. He is the Eternal Wonder; the Great Exception; the life without parallel. Men may not solve the problem of His Personality, yet that does not prevent them from falling under the spell of His wonder. They are thrilled by the soul quality of His life; they kindle to the holy fire that burns upon the hidden altar of His spirit; they react to the irresistible vitality of His whole being.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that the years bring little to believing men if they fail to increase their wonder as to Christ. The Christ will always be something of a mystery to the thoughtful and reflective mind. Even to the plain man He brings such gifts to both intellect and spirit as must daily increase the marvel. If we can preserve the heart of a child, Christ will contrive to be as fresh as the dawn. So rich and so spacious is this wonder of the Christ that it is never quite the same to two different men; they will be seeing two different sides of the Christ, for no one man's experience of Christ can be taken as the measure of this Eternal Wonder—His name shall be called "Wonderful."

R.A.M. in "The Assurance"

Christmas In Geography (Continued from page 16)

in 1497, sighting a green, wooded coast on Christmas Day and naming it Natal, which, by the way, is not pronounced to rhyme with "fatal" but as if it were spelt "Na-tell," with the last syllable emphasized. Durban is the chief port of this lovely, South African province, and is one of the finest towns and summer resorts in the world, the sea-front being lined with clean, white hotels, and palm-trees, while rickshaw boys (Zulu natives) trot easily along the streets, pulling their human freight.

If you look at a map of the world you will see there is a Christmas Harbor at Kerguelans Land, and a Christmas Sound near Cape Horn. In British Guiana is a famous beauty spot known to artists and poets the world over. It is called Christmas Falls, for the same reason the two islands mentioned were given the festive name—the date of its discovery.

During the recent war we read a lot about the Yule Islands in the Pacific. No doubt seeing that the name "Christmas" had been all used up in naming other islands, the discoverer (on December 25) hit on the idea of calling it "Yule"—which, of course, is derived from the old Anglo-Saxon word "geol," and is

still used today in Scandinavian countries instead of our Christmas.

There is in Oxfordshire, England, a "Christmas Common," which embodies many ancient rights and privileges for the people. Then we must not forget Reindeer Island in Canada—a place where the caribou still roam—those antelopes we are fond of associating with Santa's sleigh.

History was made in 1513 by an explorer named Vasca da Balboa, who, climbing a high mountain in the Panama region, saw before him the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, a sight which, he says, "made me almost fall down the mountain-side with sheer gladness, that this day of all days it should be me to discover this great sight." It was Christmas.

When the prophecy was made, "His name shall be great among the heathen" (Malachi 1:11) and "I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession" (Ps. 2:8) the writers never dreamed that the earth would be fairly be-spangled with the precious name of their Messiah, "Christ," even though it should be coupled with a word that means "feast."

The Festive Season In Many Lands

IN SWITZERLAND

By Mrs. Sr-Major L. Fleischer (R)

IN Switzerland, Christmas is called "Wheimachten," when the birth of Christ is celebrated in various ways in the homes of the people. Although the meaning of Christmas is the same, a few of the Swiss customs differ from those observed in Canada.

For example, Santa Claus is called St. Nicholas. He is dressed differently in the various sections or cantons of Switzerland. In some, he is dressed similarly to a monk, in a long brown robe and hood. In others, this long robe and hood are red, trimmed with white fur, and in others he is dressed more like a Catholic saint.

St. Nicholas makes his rounds on December 6 instead of December 24. At this time, he goes from door to door to see whether or not the boys and girls have been good. He does not enter the house by way of the chimney, but knocks on the door and, when it is opened, he asks the mother or whoever is in charge, whether the children have been good or bad. He makes notes in the big golden book which he carries, and tells the children, if they have been good, that the Christ Child will bring them their presents on Christmas. Just before he leaves, he opens his big sack of candy and nuts, and gives some to each of the good boys and girls.

At Christmas, an evergreen tree is decorated with many colored lights and trinkets, just as we do in Canada. Underneath, you will usually see a miniature setting of the manger. On Christmas Eve, the Christ Child brings the long-looked-forward-to presents for the children, which are opened on Christmas Day.

IN NEWFOUNDLAND

By the Field Secretary,
Colonel G. Best

IN Army circles in Newfoundland, there is one distinctive feature. They take advantage of Christmas night for the annual young people's Christmas demonstration and Christmas tree. Christmas night is a community affair, not a private home party. Christmas night is a gala night at the corps, such as one never forgets.

In Newfoundland, the religious side of Christmas receives greater emphasis than in many other places I have been. All denominations are alike in this respect. Worship plays a big part in the Yuletide celebrations and churches and meeting places are crowded more than usual.

IN BERMUDA

By Major W. Spearing (R)

SINCE the old colony of Bermuda was settled some three hundred years ago by English, Irish and Scotch people, (chiefly English) Christmas has been observed similarly to that in the Old Land. The day is one of feasting and giving of presents. Although they have no snow or frost at any time, Santa Claus comes on Christmas Eve, the children hang up their stockings and the Christmas tree is decorated, for this is the children's holiday.

The day following has always been called Boxing Day, and sports of all kinds are enjoyed—cricket, boating, etc.—in the warm sunshine. Some fifty years ago a large number of people were brought to Bermuda for government work at the Naval Dockyard, (now closed) and these people brought a Boxing Day feature known as the "Gombeys," when men masquerade in various costumes, and put on plays in the streets, such as the duel between David and Goliath, to the great amusement of many people.

Christmas dinner in Bermuda follows the Canadian and American pattern; turkey and plum pudding. One distinctive Bermuda dish is cassava pie at Christmas. Cassava is a root, becoming more and more difficult to obtain in Bermuda. Farina, which is a product of cassava can be imported, and when properly cooked, is filling the need. Visitors at Christmas time will be asked, "Have you had cassava pie?"

lowed by singing and praise. This continues for two or three days, as the parties go from village to village. Arriving at a kraal, one is generally given a wooden plate full of meat and rice; and where there is a well-to-do family, a cup of tea, accompanied by slices of bread, is happily offered to the visitor.

The celebration of Christmas was unknown to African people before the settlement of the white man in Central Africa. The festivities that took place in those days were held in honor of their ancestors' spirits. Oxen and goats were killed, and strong drinks were brewed on a large scale. People often closed the day by shedding blood, fighting and hitting each other with heavy sticks.

Happily, to-day, the whole atmosphere is quite different because of the Good News brought by a white missionary. Instead of worshipping the evil spirits, people worship the true Spirit of God. Instead of closing the day with shedding of blood, the day is ended by joyful singing, and praising and celebrating the birth of the Prince of princes, who came down to save all mankind from the bondage of sin.

Glory be to Him for ever and ever!

*Rejoicing Rejoice
Reveling*

In West African Celebrations

WHEN approaching this happy and merry season in Central Africa, generally speaking it is a busy time, for each family or community meet and discuss what will be eaten and what animals will be slaughtered for the great event. All these arrangements are in the hands of the head of the family, as a rule. He takes great pleasure in making his family happy on this special occasion.

Before the arrival of Christmas Day, the women of the villages, and the boys and girls, work hard in preparing and cleaning their huts, and sweeping the compounds properly. Firewood is gathered by the boys.

The head of the family is responsible to see that the beast is slaughtered before the great day. The huts are decorated with all kinds of wild flowers that can be found. These are hung within the roofs of the huts where the celebration takes place.

It is not surprising to see the whole compound full of fireplaces, here and there; big clay pots, full of meat, rice and pounded maize, boiling on the fires.

Then, when all is prepared, the families gather together under a shady tree, with reed mats spread on the ground for the people to sit upon, while they enjoy the repast. Friends are invited to join in the feast and come and help themselves.

When eating, usually, the people are divided into groups according to age and sex. A leader is appointed for each group, his or her responsibility being to share the food and see that every one has had sufficient. The men sit by themselves, so do the women, boys and girls.

Then the Christmas feast is fol-



fact, and the keys of the Kingdom are in your hand. Disbelieve it, rationalize the birth of Jesus, and I do not see how you can rightly claim the other great truths that arise from and depend upon the Virgin Birth. Especially does it seem to me, if we discount this belief we miss the full wonder of those names, "Son of Man" and "Son of God," and we cannot see beyond the portals of that temple of wonder and praise that is known as the Atonement.

When we testify that the birth of Jesus was "on this wise . . ." the Divine Being revealing Himself in human nature and clothing Himself in flesh and blood, we mean a divine intervention. We do not doubt that God has always been in the world. We know that there is a revelation of God in the order of the universe, and that His ways are in the starry sky. When we have eyes to see we can read the divine nature also in the lower forms of created life. But nature is an opaque medium, and she cannot show the God a sinner wants to know, the Father, the Saviour. She never goes out of her way to meet my need. She has no intimate touch, no saving, healing word for me. Her rocks and mountains retain their dignity, and call forth my wonder; but they frighten me. Her cascades and her rivers flow on perpetually, but never wash away one of my shameful stains. When I am tired and lonely, nature will permit me to go to her for quietness. When my spirit is hurt, Mother Earth will let me lie upon her bosom and make room for my tears. Yet never, at any time, in any way, does the universe move toward me or draw me into forgiving and understanding intimacy. And I yearn to be noticed, to have someone "speak to my condition" in a way that the land and sea, the sky and stars can never do. The Incarnation meets me there.

And this applies to all. The Bethlehem group includes everyone. The glad tid-

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ings are to all people. This is not a leveling down process, bringing everyone to a dead level, but a lifting up process, bringing us hope in Christ on a victorious living level. Yet this great truth has, like the Church of the Nativity, a low door, where one must stoop to enter, and must go alone.

The birth of Jesus was also an event of a glorious name. His name was chosen and given by Heaven, yet closely joined with earth. God linked His life with ours and took a human name. He invested a common name with unique significance, so that it became exalted above all names, and music to innumerable adoring hearts.

When the Infant Christ was called Jesus, the name was common among the Jews, but it had a wonderful history. It was made by Moses for his successor, by combining his name "Hoshea," which meant "Salvation" with some of the letters of the Divine name "Jehovah," so that its full significance was "The Salvation of Jehovah." Thus the name of Jesus is equivalent to the Jehovah of the Old Testament combined with the ultimate revelation of the meaning of that word "Salvation" in all the completeness of the great fact.

One further thought. The birth of Jesus took place in a stormy world. He came not because the world welcomed Him but because it needed Him and could find no salvation without Him. Bethlehem was not a rural and idyllic place of peace and sheep. Life for most of its inhabitants was rough and hard. It was one of the storm centres of high-

spirited Israel in a nationalistic age. The lineal descendants of David's city obeyed the taxation decree, but they resented "another turn of the imperial screw." Hot, stormy and rebellious—a similar feeling was to flare up into revolt ten years later—the crowds filled Bethlehem to overflowing. There, with such a surging and discordant background, the Saviour was born, and there heaven dared to sing of peace. The anthem was "caught and communicated by some of the world's lowliest and least envied laborers, the night watchmen."

The trouble of this birth disturbed evil men. Among them was Herod, the incarnation of pride, perversity and pollution. Herod is Edom, land of Esau, typical of materialism and sensuality, selling the birthright for a mess of pottage. When Herod assesses child-life, Satan is at work in the calculations. The young Child is hated and must be destroyed. But it is Herod who will be destroyed by the young Child whose death the evil plotter sought to encompass. The birth of Jesus was "on this wise . . ."—it was a declaration of the divine value set upon the child. It was the raising of a standard, with no complicity in Herod's outlook or methods. Love of self always means a hard time for the child, but the love of God in Christ means the ennoblement of the child and the conquest of the spirit and purpose of Herod. Everything that is against child-life, however gorgeously arrayed, with whatever language of false culture and pomp and power, is inherently evil, and will be conquered from Bethlehem.

All this comes with a note of challenge and hope in our divided and discordant days. If we were to design a Christmas flag we would put a star in it, and a cross, and a supreme crown of holy love and truth. Then we would raise our flag on high and fight on, work on, pray on, sing on, until the coming of the Kingdom.

"Then cometh the end, when
He shall have put down all rule
and all authority."

But He is reigning now. His sovereignty may not be everywhere acknowledged. His rule may not be universally obeyed. It is only too manifest that this trouble-ridden world is not effectively subject to His authority, but He reigns. "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

In the course of individual lives and in the history of nations, Jesus asserts His sovereignty, and judgment shall follow the neglect of His law. He calls men and nations to righteousness. That is why He came. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus for He shall save his people from their sins." That is why He died, not to

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save men from hell, but to save men from sin and so to save them from hell. The Christ reigning over all the chaos of earth today is demanding that, and this world will never get peace until it gets righteousness. That is the objective of this reigning King—peace. He is the Prince of Peace, but peace eternally on the basis of righteousness.

How glorious was and is the song the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased." (R.V.)

The reigning King desires peace—peace built upon righteousness—peace among men, in whom He is

well pleased.

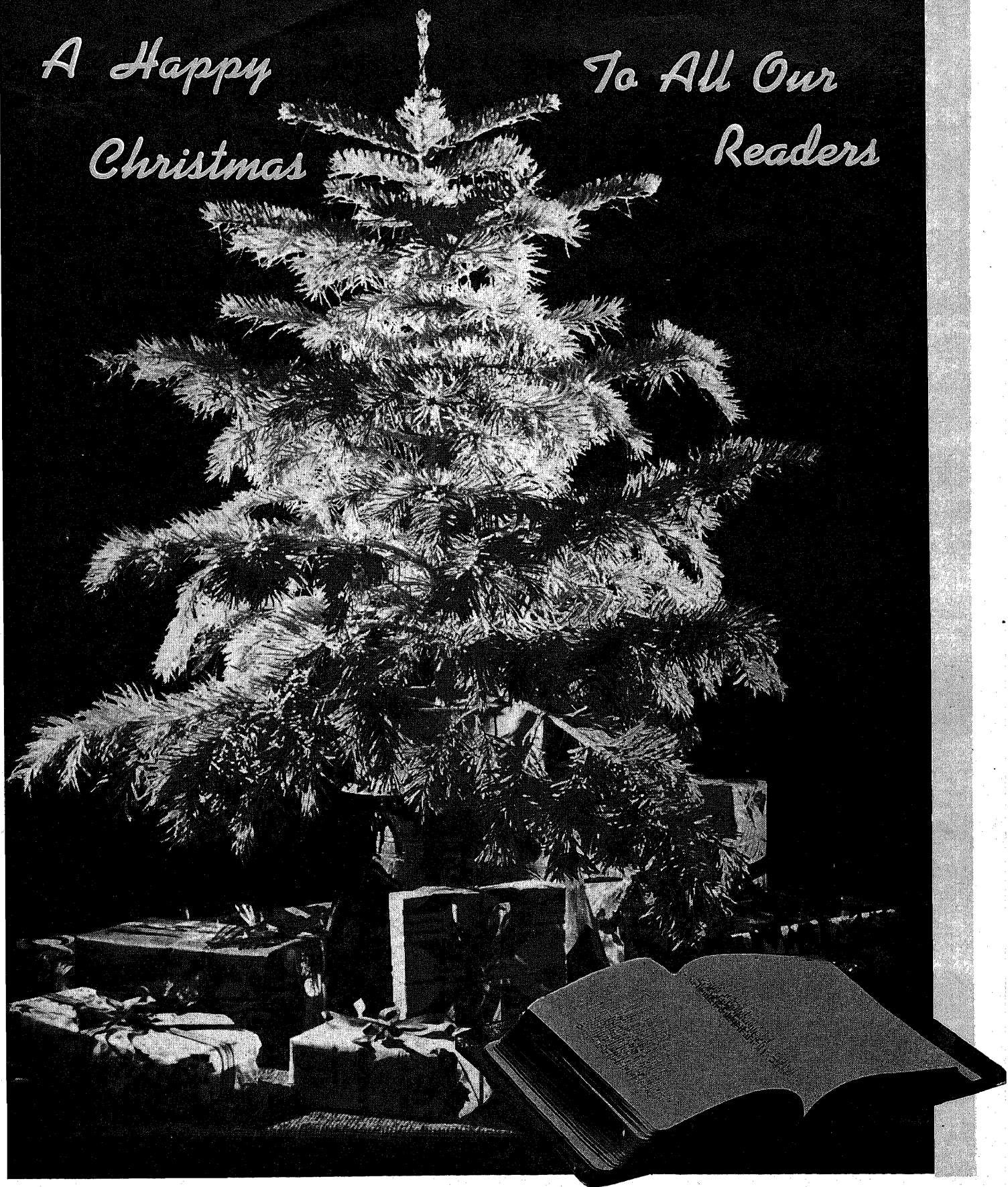
O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend on us we pray.
Cast out our sin and enter in;
Be born in us today."

This is no time to be content merely with the frills of Christmas; this is no time for its joys alone to fill our thoughts. The world is dark and, out of its black background, come such cries of suffering and need as human ears have seldom heard before. But in this darkness Christ holds in the substance of His teaching and the quality of His spirit that which guides men and nations and brings true Peace.

Let us this Christmas as "angels descend with songs again," not only speak His name and sing the songs of His birth but crown Him Lord of all.

*A Happy
Christmas*

*To All Our
Readers*



The Christmas War Cry, 1952

